

...fragrance of the  
 ...ing water, very where,  
 ...ing of waves, dash divine—  
 ...soft murmuring, dash to the sea's  
 ...finite, illimitable ex- moon on high  
 ...ness down the great orb of the doth swim:  
 When comes down the quiet d-  
 In stillness the awful beauty of the  
 Behold the solemn tenderness, the light  
 The mystery—God's glory, every sound  
 And darkness both—his voice and in hand  
 Be silent and behold where other stand  
 Great Nature and great rest in Century.  
 Celis Thaxte

DORA.

The night after his stepfather, Squire Halsted, whipped Harold but for a thing he had not done, Harold ran away. No one knew it but I, and I was nobody. But I thought as much of Harold as ever a human being could think of another. And I knew that he was wronged, and I felt that Mrs. Robbing had been dread-ful thing when she took Squire Halsted for her second husband, and let him rule her, take possession of her money, and ill use her handsome boy.

I had had my share of it too, for while Mr. Robbing lived, and while she was a widow I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon trip than all that was altered. The squire looked at me coldly, and I heard him ask Mrs. Halsted who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halsted said, "and I took the baby to my own nursery, where Harold lay in the cradle."

"More fool you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away," said Mrs. Halsted, "and was lost at sea—so they said,—and I kept the little girl."

"You must remember that she will need to earn her own bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in their part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halsted!" cried the bride, "I cannot do that."

"My dear," said Mr. Halsted, "I am master here."

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was six years old, Harold the same age, and a terrible life we had had of it was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot, instead of my pretty muslin and silk dresses. I was delicate, and waiting is hard work when your wrists are slender.

Mrs. Halsted did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding-school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her a "little goose," and she frustrated him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

He would whisper:

"Night, Master Harold. It is late. I am off to bed. God speed to you."

seamstress of me. I was used to why, but it is because I had rather and was called pretty and so any questions were asked me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in my upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change. Now I could do a little and be more to myself. I made the finery for the young ladies of the family, and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed, a rich old gentleman, having somehow got my story from a good old cook, sought me out and made me a proposition of marriage, saying it was a shame that such an elegant woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not so happy now, except that I pined for news of Harold, for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those letters he had promised.

I felt sure he was not dead, and it was very natural that he should forget to write; but my heart had no rest. He was twenty-six years old by this time, and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him—fancies of what he had suffered, and longing to meet him, or only see him from afar but once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halstead came running into my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy!" she said, holding a letter toward me.

"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madam," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sobs:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will. I never have forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But, as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written again. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and he is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here tomorrow. The year is pleased; the girls are wild with glee; his little brother is delighted. So we ran out of the room again, laughing, young and happy, and I sat down to my machine, overlooking a great lot my mind had risen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, he is a servant, and he was as low. They were rejoicing in it for that reason—the squire's son. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robert who went.

"I expect he will give us lots of presents," I heard one of the girls say.

"I wonder who is rich is a great deal older but we must pet him and try to have a natural."

"Yes," said the other.

"Oh, we are stingy as fathers as we are," the elder brother is a godsend. I—oh! if he returned in And through his bread, I should have been a rich man. I came for him, not for money. And if he had returned poor to whom he would have written well. But I tried to put his thoughts away and rejoice that he had prospered, even if I forgotten his little sister Dorcas. The morrow came. As I sat under the

CHILDREN

GREAT STUDENTS  
VERY MUCH

The Science of Modern Education Has Been Revolutionized by the Study of Child Nature—Parents Greatly to Learn.

From olden times it has been the custom of parents to treat their children as adults should be. In the nineteenth century of civilization the greatest find that they can learn is the little ones. The best educated, those who have learned most from children, and the most successful teachers are those who can feel things as children feel and think as children think. Authors of literature and textbooks for children must now know child nature as well as adults.

Scientific philologists are beginning to recognize the fact that children's language is not learned by rote, but that it is learned by the child in a few years. The languages that are formed then can be learned by years of study of dead and living languages. Even the philosopher and psychologist are turning to the child for the solution of some of the problems that have long baffled them, and the practical moralist turns from theories to learn of children how moral ideas are formed and moral action called forth.

GREAT STUDENTS.

The development of the race is epitomized in the development of the child, and the observer may read it in the unfolding physical activity of the innocent child, with more pleasure and profit than in the learned histories of civilization.

Tiederman, Darwin, Taine, Alcott, Romanes and other learned men have studied their own children scientifically and taken notes on their development, while Perez, Kussmaul and others have made observations on a number of children. Humphreys, Holden and Noble have collected and examined the vocabularies of several children two years old, in order to discover the general laws of speech.

Emily Talbot has collected observations of mothers on young babies. The most thorough and accurate study has, however, been made by Preyer, who carefully observed and experimented upon his boy during the first three years of his life, noting down each day every thing calculated to throw light upon the capacity of children and the order of the development of their powers.

Much light has been thrown on many subjects by the investigations, but sufficient has been ascertained to enable facts to be used in the study of the child.

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 Barnum in 1858. Fort  
 he traveled in Europe.  
 turned he weighed 300  
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 pounds.  
 There is a Mrs. Craig and a  
 Jr. Mrs. Craig is a blonde, 7  
 years of age, and weighs 11.  
 They met for the first time i  
 seph in 1884, when Craig was o  
 bition there. It was a case of  
 first sight for both, and in less  
 week after the meeting mat  
 negotiations had ended succe  
 They were married in Fort Scott  
 two weeks later.  
 Craig's father weighed 117 po  
 mother 125 pounds. — Kansas Cit

Something New in Decorat

A California invention has  
 patented which bids fair to revo  
 the methods now in vogue for  
 ing glass and porcelain. The  
 invention is to so decorate  
 faces as to produce and perma  
 upon them impressions of fig  
 traits or scenery.

A sheet of glass or porcelain  
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 fected to a dry heat is placed  
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 and the colors of any color d  
 powder is taken  
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 brushed over

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with numerous small, dark brown spots scattered across its surface, which are characteristic of foxing or dust. There are also some faint, horizontal lines visible near the top edge, possibly from the binding or scanning process. The overall color is a warm, off-white or light beige.

[illegible]

A black and white photograph of a dark, textured, cylindrical object, possibly a piece of wood or a rolled-up document, standing vertically against a light background. The object has a rough, fibrous texture and a slightly tapered shape. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, emphasizing its form and texture. The background is a light, mottled grey.

happily, watching King Billy at his work, a flock of laughing jackasses alighted in a neighboring gum tree, and set up a demoniac cackling. What made the ill omened birds so madly merry? What was the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? They failed to explain, but their amusement was huge and sardonic.

"Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie, and the obedient king dropped his ax and threw a faggot of wood at the tree, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merry makers.

"Billy tired now," said the black grinning; "too much work—plenty wood," and he pointed to the result of his labor.

"Yes, that will be enough, thank you. You're a good boy. I'll give you some tobacco."

"Billy's thirsty."

"Then you shall have some tea."

"No tea. Runn."

"No, Billy. Runn isn't good for you."

"Good for miners; good for Billy."

"No, it's not good for miners," said Effie emphatically; "it makes them fight and say wicked things."

"Makes black feller feel good," declared Billy, rolling his dusky eyes.

This last argument was effective. Effie went into her hut—her father had returned to his work—and poured a little spirits from John Archer's flask into a "panikin." Billy drank the spirits with rolling eyes, smacked his lips, and then lay down in the shadow of the hut to sleep.

The long afternoon passed very slowly for Effie. Her few trifling duties as a housekeeper were soon done. The little hut was tidied and the simple evening meal prepared, and some hours must pass before her father returned. How could she pass the time? She had only two books—a Bible and a volume of stories for little girls, which she had won as a prize at school in Devonian. But she was too young to appreciate the first, especially as the type being very small it was difficult reading, and she had grown beyond appreciating the stories for little girls, having known them by heart three years before. She would like to have slept.

Everything around her suggested a invited the siesta—the steady heat; the brightness of the light without the hint of the distant murmur of miners' voices which came from beyond yonder belt wattle gums; the monotonous hum of the locusts in the forest; the occasional frosty cry of a strange bird, and regular snores of the fallen king, who slumbered in the shade of the hut. Even the buzz of the annoying flies added to the general effect and brought drowsiness.

To remain still for a few minutes would have meant inevitably falling asleep. Effie felt this, and remember the little gold nugget. If she should come thief might come and take it so she put on her hat, and, for seductive cool and shade of the

to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the huge gold nugget. The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent providence would restore the nugget during the darkness and save her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep. Or did she sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible, purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep, when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overlaid and too cruelly active to allow; when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something, small and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And yet, when, having closed her eyes, she opened them again, it was still there hovering about in the darkness—less bright now, and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away: it was a cruel, mocking dream.

Then was it a dream when the old curtain which divided her corner of the hut from her father's moved near the ground—bulged slightly toward her? It would be curious to see, and she lay still. From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm, and slowly, cautiously, after the arm, a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched a face. I think they kissed it, though it was black, for they found in a black hand the little yellow object which had floated in the first dream.

It was all so real, so beautiful, that the child lay still, scarce daring to breathe lest the vision should melt away, and when in her dream came the voice of her father, with the words, "Speak or I'll fire!" her lips refused to open.

But it was no dream when the shot came, and the Black King rolled over on the earth, dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death agony against his heart, where, too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree, startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and mally, at Billy's honesty; but there was bitterness in their merriment, for their master, the devil, had been cheated of the soul of a Black King.—C. Haddon Chambers in *Oak Fough and Wattle Blossom*.

**A Queer Superstition.**  
"My father believes in divining rods," said one urchin solemnly to another.  
"No; honest?"  
"Yep. Every time he wants me to You up he takes the rod to me. I guess that must be a divining rod."—St. Joseph.

**Page's Old Costs.**  
"Give me one this morning."  
"Yes, would give me some, who wears trousers made of gold."—All I got is a razor.

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News.

Early Writings.

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to the factors to justice in  
the early administration of the law in  
Virginia, as the following returns, made  
executions, will illustrate. The extract  
is from the "History of Augusta  
county."

"In the case of Johnson vs. Brown  
(1751). 'Not executed by reason there is  
no road to the place where he (Brown)  
lives.'"

Again: "Not executed by reason of ex-  
cess of weather."

"November, 1752.—Not executed by  
reason of an ax' (the ax being in the  
hands of defendant, uplifted, no doubt,  
to cleave the officer's skull).

"Not executed because the defendant's  
horse was faster than mine."

"Not executed, by reason of a gun."

"Emmon vs. Miller.—'Kept off from  
Miller with a club, etc.; Miller not found  
by Humphrey Marshall.'"

"Not executed, because the defendant  
got into deep water—out of my reach."

"November, 1754.—Executed on the  
within, John Warwick, and he is not the  
man."

"August, 1756.—Forty-nine execution  
returned 'Not executed, by reason of the  
disturbance of the Indians.'"

Electric Car Heaters.

In many places where electric rail  
ways are in operation the temperature  
falls so low in winter as to render tri-  
cars quite uncomfortable. Why not  
under this condition of affairs, devote  
portion of the current used to propel the  
cars to heating them as well? The or-  
inary car stove is open to so many ob-  
jections that its use is practically precluded  
from the majority of roads. Electric  
heaters, however, can be placed under  
neath the seats so that a uniform tem-  
perature can be given to the entire car.  
Electric heaters have been made and  
have met with some adoption. Whether  
they would prove too expensive for  
this purpose is a question yet to be solved.  
They certainly, however, offer ad-  
vantages over any method of car heat-  
ing yet employed.—New York Telegram.

A New Fat Cure.

St. Agedore.—It is the easiest thing  
the world.

De Mascus.—What, to reduce a man  
weight?

"Yes, to reduce a man's waist,  
one thing needful—always be punctual."  
—St. Joseph News.

If the flies eaten every day were  
one on top of another they would  
be a tower thirty-seven miles high.  
I put in a line they would reach from  
York to Boston.

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**Ourango's Tin Mine.**  
Reference to the reported discovery of a very rich tin mine about 10 miles from the city of Durango, Perishmaker, the owner, recovery of the vein was almost at hand. He had gone to what is called the Durango mine for the purpose of examining the yield of metal, not knowing that tin had been found there. He found a shaft about 200 feet deep, which had passed through light veins of gold, iron and silver ores.  
On a close examination of the shaft he noticed a large and abundant vein of oxide and tin. He ran a tunnel for a short distance, and then for over four feet wide exposed a solid mass of oxide of tin from 50 to 60 per cent. of the ore.  
There is no sulphur in it, so that the work of reducing it simply amounts to the work of melting and casting into ingots.—New York.

**Nothing New in Vests.**  
A new vest has a full vest front and a full back. The collar and the shoulder top run all the way down the back, according to the body and shoulder set. The vest is made around the waist by a belt. Vests are made in sizes that will fit a 32, 34, 36 or 38, and other will fit a 40 to 46. They are beautifully and fit snugly. The main features are that they are made away from the body with a great deal of ease, and use less material and are more comfortable.—Mercer.

**Important Letter.**  
The law are being put in force in the Walker party was charged with the crime. The county attorney, upon the complaint of the defendant's lawyer, has the case thrown out of court. The letter "a" was word "nine," and was used did not appropriate belonging to some one.—Madisonville.

**Noted Road.**  
A road recently opened the first capital of the state, the object of the road is to connect the capital with the other cities of the state, and as a result of the road the capital will be a great city.

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